



## THE WHOLE ACCOUNT OF OUR PRIESTS AND NUNS WHO WAS MASACRE'D IN SYRIA

Good Christians pay attention t' what I now unfold  
The subject I now mention will make you blood run cold  
It's of the Syria mas acre w're thousands suffer'd & re  
Full five-thousaud Christians it grieves me to explain

Was slaughter'd without mercy by n Christian taning train  
The spi-rid and shot them through he went to place their desire  
Their prop-erty they plunder'd and their dwellings set on fire  
It would grieve you heart with pity to see how they were used

The men first were put to death the women then liv'd  
Each village street was covered all with crimson b ood  
We hope their souls are happy as they suffer'd far their God  
Our Ch'pel and our Nunneries those demons did surround

And set them on fire till the burn'd to the ground  
Our Priests & Nuns the martyr'd them & left them in their gore  
The cruel dears they under wept it grieves our heart full sore  
Our holy Priests with cruelty these savages assaile'd

First placing one upon across his hands and seer they nail'd  
They kep him there till he was dead in agony and pain  
And as the Jews abused our Lord his Priests they used the same  
Some of our Priests they placed o spikes until they did expire

The others cut and quarter'd and burned in the fire  
They bore it all with patience their lives they parted free  
For sake of him that did to us upon Mount Calvary  
Our Nuns the crucified and did not cease till five of them was slain

Two were Irish ladies and three belonged to Spain  
Forty of them thank God escap'd of that coarmunity  
And eight Franciscan Friar fell in this sad massac're  
The Rev rend Fath'r Reeves gave praise to him is due

It was he that saved the forty Nuns or they be murdered too  
And many more would fall a pray onto this savage crew  
May God protect him day and night our noble clergy  
At Deleelkomar Christians blood ran like fountains red

The mothers with their infant child were bur'nd in their beds  
The moans of dying Ch'rs nuns while the town in flames did hisse  
They suffered as the martyrs did for God in former dayz  
In presence of the furious troops their camps being lyng near

The Christians calle'd for mercy but their cries they wold not hear  
The soldier smash'd their Crosses and driv'r'd frunt & rear  
Down to the children of five yeirs old no Christian did they spare  
The very infants from their bosom's those diamonds did take

Now to concind these feeling I yes I will lay down my pen  
The Lord will pon distinc ion upon this savage race of men  
They slauth'r'd them because their God they never deny  
I hope they'll rest for ever bless'd with him who dwells on high